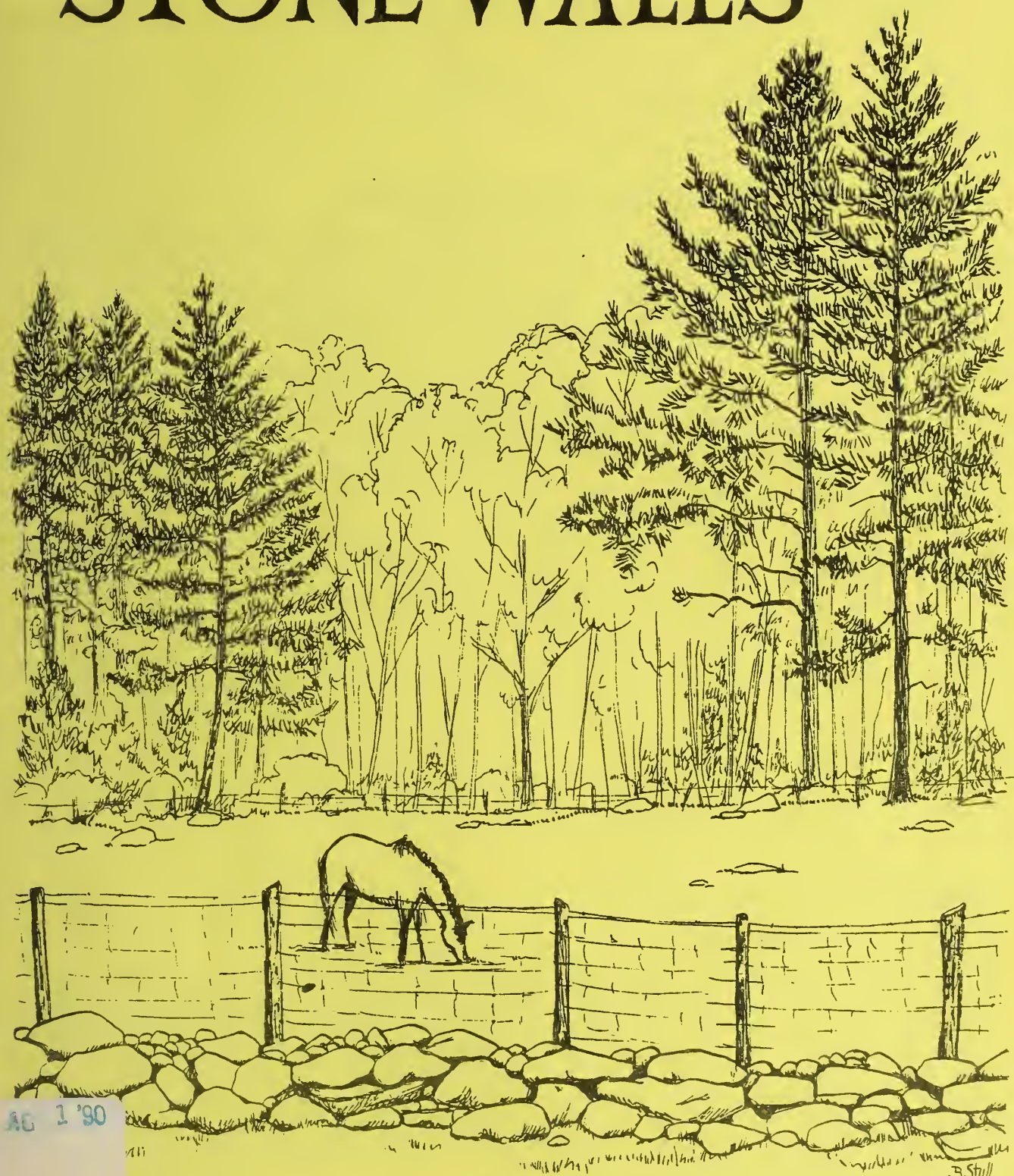


STONE WALLS



AG 1 '90

SUMMER 1990

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What is a stone wall?

or

When is a stone wall not a stone wall?

Whenever I see stones along a New England roadside I think of stone walls. As I looked for one to draw for this magazine, I began to appreciate the variety of walls in our area. There are newly built ones and the remnants of very old ones. They can be wide or narrow, high or low, and of any length. Sometimes the stones are fitted with care, and sometimes they are piled very much at random. The stones themselves come in what appears to be an infinite number of colors, sizes and shapes.

When I found a wall that appealed to me, I told the owner that I was going to make a picture of his stone wall. His reply surprised me. "That's not really a stone wall," he said, "That's just some stones that I piled there to keep the soil from washing away when the creek rises."

Oh, well.

I like it.

Betty Stull

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The Parks House

by Pamela G. Donovan-Hall



Parks House John Chaplin, Prop
Huntington, Mass.

The Parks House was once a grand hotel that stood in the center of Huntington, Ma. for 128 years. It was the pulse of the village. It was a landmark of the town. It was frequented by thousands of people over the years. It was eventually destroyed by fire.

Initially, this hotel was known as Falley's Tavern. At the age of 52, Richard Falley, Jr. came here from Montgomery and purchased 200 acres of land in Norwich in 1792. He built a tavern and a separate store. Soon this vicinity became known as Falley's Crossroads, as it was very near the intersection of the boundaries of the towns of

Blandford, Chester, and Norwich. It was located near the present town park and post office.

Richard's brother, Daniel, ran the store and was also the first postmaster. The tavern was on the old stage route from Boston to Albany via Springfield. Soon a mail route from Northampton to Falley's Crossroads, by way of Norwich Hill, began. This area soon consisted of a few houses, store and a little church and became known as Chester Village.

The Falley brothers sold the store and tavern in 1807. Richard removed to Westfield and Daniel settled in New York. Mr. Richard

Falley was to become the grandfather of President Grover Cleveland.

Daniel Collins of Worthington purchased the store, tavern and 90 acres for \$4,000.00 on December 18, 1870. He re-named the tavern Collins Inn and began to make improvements. The post office was carried on by Charles Collins, who was succeeded by Lewis Collins and later Daniel Collins, Jr. By 1838, the little village boasted 15 dwelling houses, 3 tanneries and 2 cotton mills.

The Boston and Albany Railroad was built through town in 1840 and this area became the center of activity and the center of the town. Businesses, population, industry and prosperity grew. By 1851, there were 60 dwelling houses, 2 churches, 5 stores, a school house and hall, a factory employing 30 men, and a population of 350 people, all within a one-half mile radius.

In May 1852, Mr. Collins sold his inn and some acreage for \$5,000.00 to two business partners, Samuel Knox and John Parks, both natives of Blandford. Mr. Knox sold his interest to Mr. Parks in 1855. A livery stable had been built in the rear of the hotel and was also sold to Mr. Parks.

John Parks renamed the inn the Parks House and immediately began to make improvements. He moved the original building back and built a three story main part on the front. Over the next twenty years, Mr. Parks came to be known as a village landmark himself. He was a very well-respected and popular fellow who had great wisdom and was elected to many offices in town.

In 1858, Mr. Joseph LaFleur went into business with Mr. Parks. One year later he married Mr. Park's daughter, Ursula. Another daughter, Miranda Parks, died two years later at age 18.

Martha Parks, wife of John, died in 1870 at age 51 and two years later, Mr. Parks retired and sold his hotel to Joseph LaFleur for \$6,750. John Parks died in 1882 and was the last man to make money on the selling of this hotel.

Mr. Joseph LaFleur was born in St. Mathias,

P.Q. He had two sisters and five half-brothers. At age 14, he went to Troy, N.Y. and lived there for four years. He then traveled to California by way of Cape Horn and landed in Sacramento in 1849, where he lived for several years. He then moved to Hinsdale, Ma., then moved to Russell before settling in Huntington.

Three years after his marriage to Ursula Parks, they had a son, Oscar P. One year later, Ursula died at age 22. After Mr. LaFleur took over the complete management and ownership of the hotel as a widower, one year later his only son died at age 11.

In the 1880s, Mr. LaFleur painted the hotel inside and out and it was said that it added cheerfulness to the hotel, as well as its guests. His employees lighted the street lamp at the corner of Main and Park Streets nightly. He became a highly respected man and was considered one of the old time innkeepers of Western Mass. He was a devout Catholic and a strong supporter of the new church. During his management, the old hotel continued to be a very stable place for its patrons. In May of 1885, two gentlemen paid their annual visit. Mr. J.C. Collins of Philadelphia and Mr. L.B. Williams of Northampton, both former residents of Huntington, stopped in. The two men had visited here every year for the past 17 years in succession, not varying more than three days each year in the time of their arrival.

In October 1885, Mr LaFleur was involved in a sad and unusual event. On a Tuesday afternoon two men came into the Parks House and told Landlord LaFleur that they were going for a walk. They left their two horse spring wagon at the hotel. In the evening, Mr. LaFleur met the men coming up from Russell and wondered why they did not take their horse and wagon, as they had walked so far. He then wondered if the team and wagon was stolen. Soon the men arrived back at the hotel and told him that one or the other of them would be back for the team and wagon about 8:00 P.M.

Later the team was called for and they again started towards Russell. About an hour later

another man, Mr. King, met them coming from Russell with a coffin in their wagon. Another man, Mr. Kites, also met them and said the same thing. An investigation began and it was found that the graveyard where smallpox patients had been buried had been tampered with. Arrests were made the next day and threats of fines and prison were made. The exhuming of a corpse, dead for two years from the disease of smallpox, and carrying it unprotected through the village at an early hour of the evening was not a small matter.

Upon further investigation, it was learned that the corpse was that of a 12 year old girl and the two men had been hired by her parents to transfer her to Lee, Ma. for interment in consecrated grounds of the Catholic cemetery there. Before her death, the child expressed great horror of being buried where she had seen other victims buried and wished to be taken to Lee where her friends were interred. Upon her death, local officials had been in charge of all the arrangements and her parents just wanted to gratify the desire of their little child.

In 1895, Mr. LaFleur donated several acres of land to the St. Thomas Church for a cemetery. The following year, he sold the hotel to his nephew, George Monat. He died in May 1911, at age 81, after a three-year lingering illness. He is buried at the St. Thomas Cemetery next to his half-brother, Frederick, who was a Civil War veteran. Ursula Parks LaFleur is buried with her young son and her sister, mother and father at the Norwich Bridge Cemetery.

Upon his death, Mr. LaFleur was one of the wealthiest men in town. His will was very clearly and distinctly written. \$33,500.00 cash was distributed among his two sisters, nieces, and nephews. Some received \$500.00, others received \$5,000.00. His housekeeper, Mary J. Granger, was deeded his house, all its contents and also the land. Joseph Allard was deeded another house on Railroad Street. It was clearly stipulated that his half-brothers had no share in his real estate. All other assets was to be divided in equal amounts between

his housekeeper, five nephews, and one niece. His real estate was auctioned off one year after his death. Four lots totaled over \$4,000.00; a tenement house was sold for \$1,000.00; another house sold for \$4,450.00. These were bought by his nephew, George Monat and friend, Joe Allard.

George Monat had purchased the hotel from his uncle on January 14, 1896 for the amount of \$1.00. He also was willed \$5,000.00 in cash and received one seventh of all other real estate and assets from his uncle's estate. Much of this money, he put back into the hotel and retained its name. He enlarged the dining room, installed steam heat and electric lights. He added piazza boxes, flowers and shrubs. His brother, Frank X. Monat conducted the livery stable behind the hotel.

In October 1905, the first trolley came into town from Westfield. A huge celebration was held as the trolley pulled into town. People in town viewed this service as creating great prosperity for the town and its businesses, and indeed it did! During the celebration Landlord Monat made the hotel wide-open to all visitors. Cigars were passed out and those who were thirsty were provided with anything they desired. It was believed that the hotel, an already popular one, would become even more popular with the trolley service. It was considered one of the best hotel stands in the country. The train depot and the trolley terminal were very close to the hotel. It was also a natural stopping place for many summer people and automobilists.

On weekends or holidays, the folks from Suffield, Ct. came up from Westfield by trolley. This was called their summer trolley excursions. They were much enjoyed by the Suffield residents. The people would relax in the deep shade, stroll in the quiet streets, picnic by the rivers, or dine at the Parks House, then return to their homes in the late afternoon.

Many people from Springfield and Westfield would ride on the trolley, have dinner at the hotel and attend a dance, a play, or a concert at the Cole's Opera House (now Huntington Hardware). The hotel became a

great resort for dinner parties and automobilists -some arriving with chauffeurs. On Sundays, 40-70 dinners were served. Local organizations and local people continued to frequent the hotel.

After managing the Parks House for 11 years, Mr. Monat sold it in 1907. He continued to live on Russell St. His wife ran a millinery store on Main St. They moved to Springfield in July 1920.

John Chaplin purchased the hotel from Mr. Monat on July 19, 1907 for the sum of \$1.00. He was not a newcomer to the hotel business. He first started in the hotel business in the town he was born, Cheshire Ma. While running The Cheshire Inn for George Dean, he was offered one-half of the interest, if he would stay and run it. He later moved to Russell and conducted the Russell House for five years. In March 1903, he sold his interest in that to David Duquette and moved to Chester where he ran the Chester House for one year. He then bought out Mr. W.R. White of Westfield, who ran the Riverside Inn. Under his able management he made a lot of improvements. He sold this and immediately bought the Parks House.

Mr. Chaplin immediately began improvements. New carpets, fixtures, and furniture were purchased and modern plumbing was installed. Within one year, the hotel greatly prospered. Mr. Chaplin put a concrete floor in the basement and improved and enlarged the wine cellar. Hardwood floors were installed on the two upper stories which had 27 rooms. The bar and office were remodeled. Steel ceilings were installed on the lower floor, as well as in the dining room, where the walls were wainscotted. More apartments were added in the old portion of the building, and a two-story shed was built behind the hotel. The outside was painted yellow with white trim. Banquets, formal dinners and receptions were held at the hotel, and there was even a proposal of marriage that took place here on January 4, 1908. It seems that a clerk at the hotel was opening a case of glasses from Wheeling, W.Va. He found a note from a Miss Goldie White, asking for a husband. As the

clerk was married, it was said that Goldie would have to try again.

Not only were the proprietors of the hotel very well liked and respected, but the employees were as well. In February 1908, one of the clerks became violently ill. He was carried home in the afternoon by other employees. Over 100 people called the hotel that night to find out how he was. Two doctors were asked to examine him and conduct a consultation. So many flowers were sent, that the clerk's wife said the house looked like a hot house. His fever ran very high and a skillful trained nurse was sent down by his friends at the hotel. The friends also sent a messenger to his house to find out how he was doing. On his way, the messenger got stuck in the snow and had to be rescued by the neighbors. After a dose of sage tea, the clerk was better.

Within one month during the summer of 1908, 700 people registered. The next week, over 200 more registered. Between 125-150 diners were served in one day. Some weeks, tickets had to be given out and some patrons had to be turned away.

The livery stable expanded to keep up with the demands of the new automobile. Frank X. Monat added a garage that could accommodate 10-12 touring cars. A 300 gallon storage tank for gasoline was installed. Auto supplies were sold.

Landlord Chaplin belonged to an Auto Club. People came from Canada and California. In July 1908, 27 people from Pennsylvania registered. They were members of Dr. Conwell's chorus.

In 1909, when President Taft's train came through town, the parlors were full of people waiting to catch a glimpse of him. Groups of women also came from Springfield for dinner and passed the afternoon playing whist on the upper veranda. This year was not a particularly good one for Landlord Chaplin. His wife was rushed to the Mercy Hospital in July and underwent a serious operations. She died two weeks later; Mr. Chaplin had been at her side most of the time. She had conducted the housekeeping affairs of the hotel. While he



was with his wife, the selectmen of the town suspended the liquor license at the hotel for one month. The hotel employees were accused of selling liquor on the Lord's Day; holidays; selling to minors; and to intoxicated persons. They denied all charges. The license was revoked for one month, during their busiest season and nothing more was done. Family dinners on Thanksgiving and Christmas began to become popular this year. Over 100 local people were served on these holidays. Political dinners began to become popular and The Parks House was credited with having the biggest elm tree in town in front of it.

In 1911 a transcontinental automobile-truck added much excitement at the hotel. It was returning from a trip to California. It had left New York city and gone to San Francisco, carrying a three-ton load and reached its destination. The truck was covered with a large canvas and looked like a prairie schooner. The trip had been made as an endurance and speed test and had proved very satisfactory. The three men in it had dinner at The Parks House.

Landlord Chaplin himself had a remarkable auto record. In three months, he had traveled 3604 miles without a blow-out or breakdown. The only expense was his gas, which cost \$52.00. For the first time in 30 years, the Governor of Massachusetts addressed 150 people of the town from the Parks House steps. This was in 1912.

The next year, the bartender of the hotel was in Superior Court for violating the liquor laws. After many witnesses, the jury could not agree on a verdict and the charges were dismissed. The hotel continued to do a great business, the mills in town were flourishing, ice was 50 cents for 100 pounds and was very scarce in August of that year. Landlord Chaplin installed an electric plant to furnish lights for the hotel. The power was obtained from a gasoline engine.

In 1914, auto traffic continued to increase. Within one hour on a Sunday afternoon, one observer counted 75 autos driving in and out of town. An annual coon supper was held in

October for the men of the town. At Christmas during the annual community Christmas Eve festivities, the parlors were opened for the use of the public.

Mr. John Chaplin sold the hotel in 1915 and moved to Springfield. He died in 1918, at age 55, leaving no children.

On January 4, 1915, brothers William E. and David H. Mulcahy of Northampton had purchased the hotel from John Chaplin for \$1.00. Later that month, a retirement party was given Mr. Chaplin, as 63 businessmen and friends gathered at the hotel. Dinner was served and music was furnished for dancing.

The Mulcahys kept the name of the hotel as The Parks House. Under their management, more formal banquets were held, music and dancing were added and catering service introduced. The hotel continued to do a very prosperous business.

In 1915, a noted local acquaintance visited. Calvin Coolidge spoke to a large audience from the steps of the hotel. He was a candidate for Lt. Governor that year and was extremely popular with the people in town. That fall, the annual coon supper was held on elections night. Over 100 men gathered at the Parks House and heard the election results. During this election the suffragists were badly defeated, as expected. Many heated arguments broke out between the supporters of the women and their opponents - the opponents generally came out on top.

Besides the management of the hotel, the Mulcahy brothers had other interest as well. They owned two race horses, Aconite and Chatham Girl. Both horses broke many records and won many races in the Bay State sulky circuit. They also raced in Canada, New England and Ohio. Two other horses were bought from Madison Square Garden in New York and they also owned five colts. The training was done at the stables in Northampton by William Spring. Later, the horses were brought to town and trained by Harry Mack. Many local residents began to attend the horse races.

Our own local horses did not fare as well. In February 1919, a horse drawing a buggy, belonging to our own Sheriff Fred Fiske, collided with the elm trees in front of the hotel after becoming frightened on Blandford Hill Road.

Excessive snow on the piazza roof caused a cave-in in the winter of 1916 and these were repaired. The next year, the Lee-Huntington trolley line opened. More and more strangers visited our town and on the weekends and holidays the village was extremely crowded.

Automobiles became more and more popular - the Ford auto being the most popular in this town. In one hour, 208 autos were counted going into and leaving our town. At times there was a constant stream, being bumper to bumper and a lot of them stopped at the hotel. People from Illinois, New York, Wisconsin and Washington, D.C. registered. During World War I, the gas shortage caused local concerns, although the number of out-of-town autos did not decline. It is unclear whether the gas shortage or mere peer pressure caused one quiet Sunday in the fall of 1918, when no local residents were seen driving their autos on the streets. The next weekend, everyone was out driving.

PARKS HOUSE

Huntington, Mass.

The advantages of the country and mountains at convenient distance from the city. Rate \$2 per day. Telegraph, Telephone and Livery. Two minutes' walk from railroad station.

JOHN CHAPLIN, Prop.

The people lost a very popular and social gathering place when the Cole's Opera House was sold in July 1919 and used as a grain store. So much for having a night out with dinner and going to a play, concert or dance at the Opera House.

On February 1, 1920, this grand hotel was completely destroyed by fire, almost claiming the life of a four-year-old boy.

It was a cold Sunday morning, the coldest of winter, when Mrs. Mace, wife of Dr. Mace, happened to look out her window from her house on Russell Street (now the parsonage for the Federated Church). She saw smoke pouring out from the roof of the hotel and called in the alarm. Meanwhile, a passer-by also noticed the smoke and went inside the hotel to alert the guests.

Mrs. Donald McAllister had been visiting her sister, Mrs. Mulcahy, from Butte, Montana and was asleep on the third floor when she was awakened by the screams of FIRE. She went downstairs to investigate and realized the fire was next to her room upstairs, where her 3 sons were asleep. She rushed upstairs and was able to reach her 2 oldest boys, but could not reach her youngest, Richard, due to the intense smoke. Mr. Mulcahy heard her cries for help and ran and got the small boy. Upon carrying him and before he could reach the stairs, the flames broke through and he had to rush through the fire and smoke to the hall below.

The cause of the fire was due to a defective chimney. The old portion of the hotel was framed with heavy hand-hewed beams with an open space of nearly two feet between the old part and the new part of the old hotel. This made strong draft for the flames which spread rapidly.

Mrs. McAllister lost everything she possessed and nothing was saved from the second and third floors. Mr. and Mrs. Mulcahy, who occupied a suite of rooms on the first floor were able to save most everything from their apartment as well as the furnishings from the parlor, office, dining room and kitchen.

Since the fire had gained so much headway, the firemen were unable to save the building. Because of the extreme cold, there was insufficient flow of water through the water mains due to the frozen reservoir. The firemen had to pump water from the Westfield River. As soon as the water struck them it covered them with ice. They managed to save the nearby buildings and some of the contents. The loss was over \$20,000.

William Mulcahy and family moved to the Chauncey Pease farm on Chester Hill. The burning of the hotel caused much loss of revenue for the town. The rubble of the fire was still there in October of 1920, which was extremely untidy to say the least. The property was bought by Thomas Diamant and his brother-in-law, Peter Regas. The property adjoined their almost new ice cream parlor. On October 15, the debris was buried by the fire department and this attracted a lot of attention from those traveling by, as they thought that the hotel itself was in the process of being destroyed.

I asked Mrs. Ellen Bates, who just turned 90 this year, about the hotel for this article. She and the daughter of the proprietor were best friends and she spent a lot of time in the hotel. "I suppose, for its day, it was a pretty classy place," she said, "although I really never gave

it much thought back then." She remembers Calvin Coolidge speaking on the steps that day. "The village was so beautiful back then, a lot of activity, not like it is now. Big elm trees lined the roads and the village was so busy."

Another resident remembers his father, who was on the Fire Department, coming home after the fire at the hotel. "His coat was so frozen, it stood up on the kitchen floor by itself for a very long time."

Today, the train depot and the trolleys are gone. The elm trees have disappeared. The old landmark and all that it represented is gone. The mills have closed and decayed and the businesses have left. The people in autos go through town, but they do not stop. The pulse of the town has faded.

The beautiful mountains, scenic views, rambling rivers, our imagination and others' precious memories, are all that remain.

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On the Way to the White House

by Doris W. Hayden

Long ago a little boy was born on the Isle of Guernsey, England, in 1711. One day, when he was about eight years of age, he and his schoolmates were invited aboard a French man-of-war. No doubt it was an exciting thing for small boys to have the opportunity to see the interior of a ship. They had dinner there, but when they came on deck the ship was at sea.

The boys were taken to Nova Scotia and left there probably after some cash had changed hands. The little boy mentioned above was Richard Falley Sr. He grew up and in 1736 purchased 100 acres of land in Maine, on the west bank of St. George River, of Gen. Samuel Waldo. He married Anne Lamb at Cushing, Maine, probably about 1738.

Richard and Anne Falley had seven children Rachel, Richard, Samuel, Frederick, Elizabeth, Mary and Sarah. Both Richard and Anne are buried in the old Mechanic St. Cemetery in Westfield, Mass.

(1) In memory of Mr. Richard Falley, who died Aug. ye 7th 1756 in his 45th year.

Reader behold as you pass by as you are now so once was I, as I am now so you must be. Prepare for death and follow me.

(2) In memory of Mrs. Ann ye wife of Mr. Richard Falley who died April 29th 1758 in the 37th year of her age.

Jesus said unto her I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live.

Richard Falley Jr. enlisted at 16 as a soldier in the French and Indian War. He was captured at Fort Edward, N.Y. by the Indians, taken to Montreal, adopted by an Indian chief and finally bought by a lady for 16 gallons of rum, and she sent him home to Westfield.

He was married to Margaret Hitchcock in Westfield, Dec. 24, 1762 or Jan. 14, 1763. Eight children were born of this union. They lived at the corner of Court Street and Holland Avenue. A monument in front of the Methodist Episcopal Church bears this inscription:

LIEUT. RICHARD FALLEY

A Friend Of Liberty And His Country
soldier In The American Revolution
armorer To The 18th Massachusetts Regiment
built Armory At Mt. Tekoa
made Muskets For The Patriot Cause

THIS WAS THE SITE OF HIS HOME
AND BLACKSMITH SHOP
CIRCA 1764 TO 1782

This Tablet Provided By
Westfield Bicentennial Committee
in 1976 To Commemorate The Birth Of
the United States Of America In 1776

The house is now at 23 Holland Avenue, Westfield, Mass.

Richard became a Revolutionary soldier. L.M. Dewey in his "History of Westfield" has this:

"On the Lexington alarm, the town turned out a gallant company of 53 strong who marched the 20th of April, including Lt. Richard Falley, under Capt. Wareham Parks. After reaching Boston, some of the minute men enlisted in the Continental Army and took part in the events which occurred soon after." This appears to be what Richard Falley did, judging from another record of his service.

"Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution in Mass." reads:

"Falley Richard Ensign, Capt. Parks' Company, Col Danielson's Regt.; list of officers



**Home built by Richard Falley
Now at 23 Holland Avenue, Westfield, Mass.**

(year not given, probably 1775); also Lieutenant, Capt. Warham Parks' Company, Col. Timothy Danielson's Regt.; list of officers appearing on a general return of Col. Danielson's Regt. dated Camp at Roxbury, May 27, 1775; ordered by Provincial Congress May 27, 1775 that said officers be commissioned; also 2nd Lieutenant, same Company and Regt.; muster order dated Aug. 1, 1775; engaged May 4, 1775; service 3 mos., 4 days; also, Jedediah Southworth's Company, Col. Lemuel Robinson's Regt.; list of officers dated 1776; also, 1st Lieutenant, Capt. Josiah Smith's Company; list of officers granted bearing orders by Provincial Congress to fortify town and harbor of Boston; said Falley granted beating orders for Hampshire County."

Definition of beat: To range or scour for as if for game. To search. Above meaning To recruit men for the army.

The Journal of the Third Provincial Congress, June 13, 1775, has this:

"Ordered, that Mr. Lothrop, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Fessenden be a committee to consider the expediency of appointing Ensign Foley (sic)

to be an armorer in the Massachusetts army, in addition to the number which this congress have ordered to be appointed, and to consider what his pay shall be, if they think it proper he should be appointed.

The committee appointed to consider the expediency of appointing Ensign Falley, of Col. Danielson's regiment, an armorer in the Massachusetts army, be, if it is thought proper by this Congress, he would be appointed, have attended that service, and beg leave to report as follows, viz:

That whereas, it has been represented to your committee, that the armorers, or many of them who are already established, are very imperfect in the business they profess, and that the above said Falley is a complete master of the same; in consideration of which, your committee think of the highest importance, that he (the said Falley) should be employed in said department, and be allowed and paid forty shillings per month, in addition to his pay as an ensign, and be under the rules and regulations as the other armorers already appointed, or to be appointed; all which is humbly submitted." Isaac Lothrop, per order.

Richard and his wife were dismissed from the Westfield church to Montgomery, July 15, 1788. There he is said to have manufactured muskets for the Continental Army. If this is so, they must have moved to Montgomery previous to 1788. In Stanley Park, Westfield, there are two great millstones which were perhaps harnessed by a brook where Falley operated. However, much of the story of the armory is shrouded in mystery. There are few real records in regard to it.

Lt. Richard Falley is buried in the Mechanic St. cemetery along with his father and mother. There is no stone for his wife, Margaret. She may have moved away to live with some of her children in New York, and died there.

Of the eight children in this Falley family, the third child was Margaret. She was born Nov. 1766 and married William Cleveland at Black Rock, near Buffalo, N.Y. Montgomery, Mass. vital record: Peggy Falley & William Cleveland, intentions Nov. 20, 1793.

Five children were born to William and Margaret Cleveland, the last Richard Falley Cleveland and, born June 19, 1804 at Norwich, Conn. He became a Presbyterian minister. He married Anne Neal of Baltimore, Maryland. Their son, Stephen Grover Cleveland, was born March 18, 1837 at Caldwell, N.J.

Grover Cleveland was President of the United States, 1885-1889 and again 1893-1897.



3 2 1
Falley Gravestones
Mechanic St. Cemetery

*In memory of
Lt. Richard Falley
Who died
Sept. 3rd 1808
Aged 68 years.*

*He was virtuous & devotional;
a lover of good men.
A friend of Liberty & his Country
He died in hopes of glorious immortality
and he being dead yet speaketh.*

Small Mountain Large Spelling Problem

by Carol Laun

There is a loaf-shaped mountain in the northeastern corner of Granby, Connecticut. Nearby is a small lake that has been dammed up and enlarged. Both bear the same name, which is easy to say, but seemingly impossible to spell.

Anyone doing historical research soon discovers that our ancestors were rather casual about spelling. What we perceive as a spelling error now, was considered proper usage before the advent and acceptance of the dictionary. It really didn't matter how you spelled a word or a name, as long as others could read it. A correspondent might write "very" or "verry", "stayed" or "staid" or use them interchangeably in the same document.

Uniform spelling of a proper name also seemed irrelevant to many New Englanders. One family in Granby spelled their last name Gozard, Gozzard, Gosard or Gossard. Today, 350 years after their first ancestor came to America, the descendants call themselves either Godard or Goddard. A pragmatic local Godard remarked that it was pronounced the same way with one d or two, "so why bother writing the extra letter?"

Back to the mountain. According to a town history, *The Heritage of Granby*, Manatuck Mountain was an Indian lookout. The word "amantuck" means "to see into the distance". The mountain is a distinctive promontory easily distinguishable from other outcroppings of the Talcott Range and the Berkshires. It's almost level top identifies it from other hills. It extends northerly a good half mile from the "Notch" on Notch Road to a corner of Suffield, Connecticut near the Massachusetts state line. It probably served the Indians as a landmark and a lookout. It could be seen from many distant elevations. From its top, much of the Farmington Valley could be seen. To the north were the Congamond Ponds and to the south the dammed up pond.

There is historical verification for the Manatuck spelling. A 1733 petition to the General Court uses that version, as does an 1817 petition for the Granby-Barkhamsted Turnpike. However, a confused 1817 Atlas calls the hill Great Craig Mountain. That hill is really located on Granville Road near Silver Street and should be spelled Crag or Cragg, but that's another story.

As industry flourished in early Granby, the pond on Route 10-202 was dammed to create a mill pond for water power. In 1832, Cornwall's Brass Foundry was located in the area known as Mechanicsville (now Old Mill Pond Village). It consisted of a brass foundry, a blacksmith shop, coal house and shed for soldering. In 1835, Orin Lee bought land nearby, with water privilege, to build a factory for making stainette cloth. A feeder ditch was dug by hand from the East Branch of Salmon Brook to supplement the natural inflow and maintain the raised level of the lake.

Some early maps of Granby, 1730, 1844, and 1869, avoided the spelling issue entirely by not identifying the mountain or the lake. The 1730 map, which was drawn when Granby was called Salmon Brook and was still a part of neighboring Simsbury, Connecticut, does not show Shaw's Fort located on the east side of the mountain. Obviously, the early settlers recognized the importance of the hill as a vantage point.

The spelling variations began in earnest in 1886 when William Scoville Case wrote a history of Granby, and called the mountain Manatic. A United States topographical map published in 1892 used the name Manitick and repeated that in its 1948 map. An 1894 magazine article about Granby changed this to Mantick. This version was swiftly followed in 1895 by still another variation, Manitic, in an article in the Connecticut Quarterly

Magazine. A circa 1900 Granby postcard shows a view of Mantauck Mountain.

According to oral tradition, the Granby natives called the mountain Man-i-took, pronounced as three words. There are two old stories around justifying that spelling. One tale connects it with the capture of Daniel Hayes by the Indians in 1707 and the other with the capture of an escaped prisoner from Newgate Prison in East Granby. Neither explanation has any historical facts to verify it and the stories are probably apocryphal.

A 1911 Connecticut map in the State Library reverts to the original Manatuck spelling. However, in a sterling example of Yankee independence, the old Zophar Griffin farm on Hungary Road has a sign proclaiming it Manitouk Farm. (Granby natives also pronounce Hungary with the accent on the second syllable, not the first.)

A newspaper clipping dated March 17, 1916 has this story. "A large stone crushing plant is being constructed at Maintuck Mountain. 165,000 feet of lumber has been purchased at New Boston and is being delivered. Years ago many Indians came from all parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut here to secure rock for making their arrow heads and spears and cooking utensils. The rock was so hard it could be made like steel points." The remains of this old quarry can still be seen at the intersection of Phelps and Quarry Roads in Suffield, Connecticut.

Another history of Granby was written in 1951 by Judge Theodore Grafton Case, and he used still another variation, Manituck. When the Odd Fellows organized their lodge in Granby, they took the name "Manitook Lodge, IOOF". There are now 10 different ways to spell the mountain's name with more to come.

The problem was definitely settled in 1958 when the Federal Board of Geographic Names decided on Manick as the official spelling for the mountain.

The matter was not settled for Judge William Mills Maltbie of Granby, as shown in a 1961 Hartford Courant article by Francis Allen. Maltbie, who was Chief Justice of the

Supreme Court of Connecticut, favored the original Manatuck version and said anything else "was a modern corruption of a good old Indian name." "...that great authority on Indian names in Connecticut, J. Hammond Trumbull, gives the hill the name Manatuck and says that it signifies a place of observation, a place to see or to be seen afar off."

This statement is in agreement with The Heritage of Granby, and is further reinforced in the History of Simsbury by Ellsworth, who says it is one of the few Indian names surviving in our part of the country.

Ignoring both Judge Maltbie and the Federal Board of Geographic Names, the camp for tobacco workers on the lake continued undaunted to call itself Camp Manitook. An Exxon map of New England and the 1975 Connecticut Deer Hunters map fearlessly followed the lead of the camp.

The 1977 Rand McNally Road Atlas accepted the Manick spelling, but they moved the lake to North Granby and made it much larger.

A Texaco map played it safe by having Manick Lake in the right place and also showing the mysterious body of water submerging a residential area in North Granby.

The Metropolitan Hartford Street Atlas of 1977 played both sides of the street, calling the lake Manitook and the mountain Manick.

For a masterpiece of straddling the fence, however, there is a sign on Route 10-202 designating the lake. The state of Connecticut in an uncompromising burst of ambivalence, calls the lake Mannitock on one side of the sign, and Mannitock on the other. Both versions historically wrong and quite original with the state.

There are now twelve different ways to spell this word, not including Great Craig, but the most common and widely accepted version seems to be Manitook, regardless of federal decree and the valid arguments in favor of the Indian spelling. Perhaps the best solution for the lake would be to revert to its original name. Most Granby natives still call it "Cranberry Pond".

Edna Gertrude Rude Murray of Huntington, Massachusetts

by Dorothy M. Brault



Edna Gertrude Rude Murray

After her mother's death in 1883, Edna Rude's father remarried and moved his family from Huntington, Ma., where five generations of Rudes had lived, to Forestville, Md. near Washington, D.C. Edna was my maternal grandmother; we called her "Granny". She never lost her love for Huntington, and I remember with fondness the stories she would tell about her early childhood.

From various sources such as published vital and town records of Huntington and

Chester, MA., Bible records, tombstones, genealogies, old letters and pictures, family lore, and from her own stories, I can identify Granny's family as follows: Esther Taylor Clapp, Granny's mother, was born in Chester, MA. 28 March, 1838, eldest daughter of Alonzo Clapp and his second wife, Fidelia Taylor. There were ten children; two little boys died young and are buried in the Eastman Cemetery on Bromley Road next to Esther Day Clapp, first wife of Alonzo. Six



Egbert D. Rude

girls and two boys survived. Esther married Egbert Dorrance Rude and settled in Huntington. I have not been able to establish the exact date of their marriage; one undocumented family record has the date as 9 January, 1867, and I have a book that Egbert gave Esther in which he wrote; "Mrs. Esther Rude from her husband E.D. Rude, Holyoke, Mass., Feb. 6, 1868."

Egbert Rude was born January, 1840, the son of Elias and Louisa Sanford Rude, both of Huntington. Egbert and Esther lived with his parents in the Knightville area, and their first child, Grace May, was born there, 9 May 1869. Egbert bought a house on Goss Hill referred to as the E.D. Rude house in the 1873 Beers map of Huntington. On the back of a small photograph of the house taken around 1922, my grandmother wrote that she and her younger brothers, Walter and Albert, were born in that home.

Granny was small framed with deep set pale blue eyes and a firm jaw. In her later years, she looked very much like a picture of



Esther Taylor Clapp

her grandmother, Fidelia Taylor Clapp. When she was very young, she had trouble pronouncing her middle name which sounded more like "dirty" than "Gertie" for Gertrude. She told about a neighbor who would ask her name, and she would reply "Edna Dirty Rude". Teasing her, he would say, "Why do you call yourself dirty, you're not dirty". She would stamp her foot in frustration, and try without success to correctly pronounce her name.

Granny was left-handed, and she had an interesting story to tell about that. On her first day of school, probably at the Knightville School, the teacher made her use her right hand to write which was customary at that time. This was upsetting for her, and after telling her father of her dismay, he marched to school with her the next day and informed the teacher in no uncertain terms that his daughter was left-handed, that was the way God made her, and she was to use her left hand to write, period! And so it was. She did not write in the usual way of a left-handed

person (I have four left-handed children); rather, she used a forward pushing style. I have often wondered if her father, a twin, or his brother might have been left-handed mirror twins, maybe. Why was he so understanding and sympathetic? Many years later, during World War II, Granny became blind from cataracts. I would sit at the table with her and guide her hand while she wrote letters to her sons who were overseas. I will never forget her unusual writing style.

In 1881, Granny started a diary which she was fairly faithful in keeping up-to-date. I found the diary, an old autograph book, and some old pictures and letters carefully tucked away in her desk. Two entries noticeably absent from the diary were the death of her little brother, Holsey, of whooping cough in 1882, and the death of her mother, Esther, in 1883. She added to the diary after moving to Maryland, mentioning the first time she saw Washington, D.C. on 8, October, 1884. Note: the name Holsey is spelled with the "o" on the child's tombstone; it is also spelled that way on the tombstone of his great-grandfather, Holsey Sanford, who is buried in the Norwich Hill Cemetery. However, other members of the family spelled the name with an "a", as in Halsey.

Although she lived most of her life in the Washington area, Granny retained many of her New England characteristics. She had a different way of pronouncing certain words such as God which sounded more like "Gaud".

Granny was twelve years old when her mother died. When I was quite young my father died, and I remember Granny consoling me and telling me the story of her mother's death and how the family came to Maryland.

Egbert Rude's twin, Albert Dunbar Rude, served in the Union Army during the Civil War. He wrote some letters which have remained in the Rude family, and are included in the genealogy compiled by Beverly Marotte. The letters were written while he was encamped along the Potomac River in Maryland, and at Ft. Tennallytown in



Edna G. Rude Murray

Washington, D.C. near where I now live. Albert "died of disease" at age 22 in Newport News, Va. near Norfolk in 1862.

The story Granny told was that her father, Egbert, traveled through the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia to Newport News to take his brother's body home for burial. According to Granny, he "fell in love" with the Virginia countryside and climate. After his wife, Esther, died, he married Pamela Clapp, "Aunt Millie", younger sister of Esther, and they moved to the Washington area. He intended to go to Virginia, but a realtor convinced him to buy land in Prince George's County, Md., and that is where they settled. It does not appear to have been a lucrative investment, and while the climate may be somewhat milder in that area, its beauty compared with either the Shenandoah Valley or Huntington is debatable.

After graduating from the Maryland Normal School in Baltimore in 1889, Granny

taught school in Prince George's County until her marriage to Harry Orville Murray in 1900. My mother, Esther Murray McCann, was the eldest of their six children. In the 1920s, the family moved to Washington where Edna Rude Murray lived until her death in 1960. Her father, Egbert, died in 1910, apparently the result of a fall from a horse. I have been unable to locate his death certificate. He is buried in Norwich Bridge Cemetery with his wife, Esther, son Holsey, and second wife, Pamela who had returned to Huntington to live out the rest of her days. His parents, paternal grandparents and great-grandparents are also buried there. Edna, her sister, Grace, and their husbands are buried in Forestville, Maryland.

After reading Granny's diary and all the old letters she saved, I was impressed by the closeness of this family. Almost daily, a neighbor, a friend, or a member of the family would stop by the home on Goss Hill Road to visit. And it is still the same. I made my first visit to Huntington last summer and drove by the E.D. Rude house which looks very much like the old photographs, and the oil painting by Edith Nagler that I have. But the friendly and kindly treatment I received on my trip exemplified the qualities of the people Granny knew and loved and missed the most when she left Massachusetts.

Excerpts from the diary of Edna Rude.

On the inside page — Edna Rude Diary I wrote it

The Standard Diary 1881 Published for the Trade contains pages of Rates of Postage, a page describing eclipses in 1881, has each month's calendar on a separate page with times and days of the week.

The entries are not always consistent with the dates; most of the entries consist of comments about the weather and who came calling that day.

Thursday, March 17, 1881: Happy when we met, Happy have we been, Happy may we be when we meet again. Gracie

Monday, April 4, 1881: Pleasant Mama washed and I took care of the baby most all the forenoon. Papa went over to Westhampton. (Sic)

Tuesday, 5: it snowed all day. Mr. Rhoades has been here. Papa has been drawing logs today.

Thursday, April 7, 1881: We came over to grampa this morning. Charlie Wilder played on his fiddle and Aunt Mille and Gracie and I played a game.

Friday, 8: Pleasant. This afternoon I went down to the sugar house and staid (Sic) there is a good while we sugared off it was pretty good.

Note: She "sugared off" for the next five days. I have a watercolor by Edith Nagler of the old maple sugar house my grandmother wrote about.

She talks about "piecing a block" the next few entries.

Some names she mentions: Flora Ring, Will Pomery, Mr. Rhoades, Aunt Emma, Aunt Millie and Aunt Susie, Charlie Samson, Nettie and Emmie and Mr. Merritt, Jennie Crane, Magie Courtney, Grampa Rude, Aunt Elma and Miss Smith, Mama, Papa, Walter, Albert, Gracie, and Baby, Mrs. Cady, Aunt Eliza and Daisy, Grampa Clapp, Uncle Ellsworth, Aunt Mary, Freddie, Mrs. Alen, Rosa, who helped with the wash, Mr. Page, who "is painting." (I think Pomery is correctly spelled Pomeroy).

The first entry that I can verify as accurate is Monday, September 19, 1881: Pleasant. Today is the first day of school this week. President Garfield died tonight at 10 o'clock 35 minutes.

November, 1881 Friday 11. Pleasant. I am 10 years old today. Gracie and I went over to Grampa Clapps. Teacher and Emily went to school in the morning. Saturday, 12: Rainy. Today we did not go home. Aunt Susie made a birthday cake for me.

The following was signed by Rosa S. Ring, Dec. 13, 1881: You little pink, I suppose you think I could not live without you, But I do declare, I do not care one single thing about you! (In beautiful script).

Teachers and Scholars in the fall of 1883:

Ellen C. Randall, Flora M. Ring, 14, Gracie M. Rude, 14, Edna G. Rude, 11, Edwin D. Cady, 11, Jennie L. Ring, 10, Walter C. Rude, 10, Mertie F. Taylor, 8, Walter C. Ring, 8, Albert F. Rude, 8, Herbert Cady, 7, Maggy Weeks, 6, Soussa Johnson, 6, Wesley E. Ellis, 6, Massachusetts St., Huntington Town, Hampshire Co., U.S. Country.

We all came to Forestville, Md. in 1884. We started the 9th of July and got here the 10th of July, 1884.

The first time that I ever was in Washington to see anything was Oct. 8, 1884. The first time we had a frost in 1884 was Oct. 10, 1884.

Topsy was born June 14, 1886. Gipsy was born Sept. 15, 1887. (Horses, I think).

Aunt Emma and Uncle Halsey were married the 23 of January, 1884. Uncle Fred and Aunt Ellen were married the 16 of October, 1884. (Ellen Randall). Mr. Lewis Merritt died the 18 of Oct., 1884.

On June 1, 1885. Edna Rude spent \$2.00 for shoes. On Aug. 11, 1887, she spent \$0.25 on stockings.

I, Edna Gertrude Rude, was baptized June 30, 1889 at Forestville, Md. by Rev. W. Anderson at an Episcopal Church. His sermon was taken from Acts 2.

This was her last entry in this diary.

The following inscription was inside a book titled A Young Lady's Own Book Mrs. Esther Rude From her husband E.D. Rude, Holyoke, Mass. Feb. 6, 1868.

Forestville P.G. Co. Md., Dec. 27th 1891

Dear Mother, I received a telegram from Holsey Thursday evening last saying that Elma was dead and to be buried on Saturday. I had heard nothing regarding her since your last letter therefore it was wholly unexpected to me. I know not what to say to you now it was her (sic) I had thought would be your comfort in your old age but not so for she is dead... When Austin died I thought that Elma had a hard lot before her. I did not think life would be so short and her troubles so soon ended but such is life.

Forestville P. Geo. C. Md. Feb. 20th 1892

Dear Mother,...Edna continues teaching yet. Gracie is up to Baltimore learning dressmaking...Ira Day & wife (Jennie Crane) are living in Washington we did not know it until about two weeks ago she wrote to me I called last week...Day is running a "engin"? here.

The Rude genealogy on file in Huntington at the Historical Society did not have Elma Rude's husband's first name nor the dates of either's death. It would appear that Elma's husband Austin died around mid-December 1891, and she died less than a month later in Jan., 1892.





Barn Nostalgia

by Alta Crowley

Where's the barn? It's not here!
I can't believe that it's not here!
That huge barn with boards so wide,
The cows, the stalls, the hay inside.
The weathervane that reigned on high
Where pigeons perched and birds flew by.
Then at certain times of the day
A rattle of pails, the smell of hay,
As old boards creaked, an occasional moo,
The blat of a calf, a pigeon's coo.
Gone are the sights, the sounds, the smells,
Oh, the stories that old barn could tell
Of the cows within, the farmer's care,
A home that cats and kittens shared.
The land's all cleared, nothing remains
Of the beams, the stalls, the old window panes.
As I've traveled the road and rounded the bend
The barn was there, like a good old friend.
Now there are trucks and bricks and great big holes,
Some signs that say numbered lots are sold.
I stop and look, holding back a tear,
Farewell, old barn, PROGRESS is here.

W. S. H.

Daydreams: Moore's Mountain House, Montgomery

by Judy Moore Adams



MOORE'S MOUNTAIN HOUSE is situated in the Hampshire Hills at an elevation of 1200 feet above sea level. It is fifteen miles from Springfield, seven miles from Westfield, and four miles from Russell, above named places being on the B. & A. Railroad.

- ¶ The house is both Ancient and Modern. Valuable antique furniture and dishes as well as old fashion fire places are here.
- ¶ Cheerful, sunny rooms to accommodate forty guests. Public or private dining rooms.
- ¶ Sleeping rooms are arranged in suites; large room with twin beds, also rooms with full size or single beds. Separate bath rooms for Ladies and Gentlemen with shower attachment.
- ¶ All living rooms are bright and well furnished; wonderful views of the surrounding country from every part of the house.
- ¶ HOME GROWN VEGETABLES, Jersey milk, eggs, broilers, and pure spring water from never failing spring.
- ¶ Delightful tramps through woods, ideal picnic places by shady brooks. Good fishing and boat on private pond for use of guests. Croquet. Good, safe horses for driving. Good country roads for Automobiles. Free Library at near by farm house.
- ¶ Every country enjoyment is realized at the Mountain House.
- ¶ Upon notification all guests are met at trains or trolley from Westfield and Russell.
- ¶ Rates: \$2.00 per day. \$8. \$10 and \$12 per week.

Address all communications to

MOORE'S MOUNTAIN HOUSE

H. Anthony Treadwell, Prop.

Telephone, Russell 8015.

MONTGOMERY, MASS.

The forest has intruded into the foundation now. The open fields are gone. The row of ancient sugar maples along the roadside stonewall is crowded by a younger growth of trees, and still nature has not completely overcome the spirits from the past. Behind the remains of what must have been a barn, an old trash heap peeps through generations of fallen leaves. Shards of pottery and rusting bits of iron betray a former civilization, and ghosts begin to cluster around me as I pick them up and finger each one.

I hold the rusting iron hub of wagon wheel in my hand and wonder about how many miles of stony road it traversed. Did it get mired in the spring? How many times did it nearly get stuck, but with massive tug of horse-power and relieved sigh of driver, roll on to its destination? And what were its destinations? A village store or market or a fair?

A church meeting or gathering of neighbors? Surely it traveled down to the valley to meet the train.

You could hear the train following the river upstream long before you could see it. Then the billows of black smoke came into view; the children cheered and the horses stirred uneasily. Guests bound for Moore's Mountain House descended the steep steps from the passenger car, gallantly assisted by the conductor: old friends, back for a second summer's visit, or a third or fourth; new comers, to whom the grapevine had brought news of a delightful farmhouse-inn up in the hills. Their luggage piled high (and driver muttering all the while about what in the world they were going to do with all those clothes), all chatted cheerfully as they headed up the hill to their holiday.

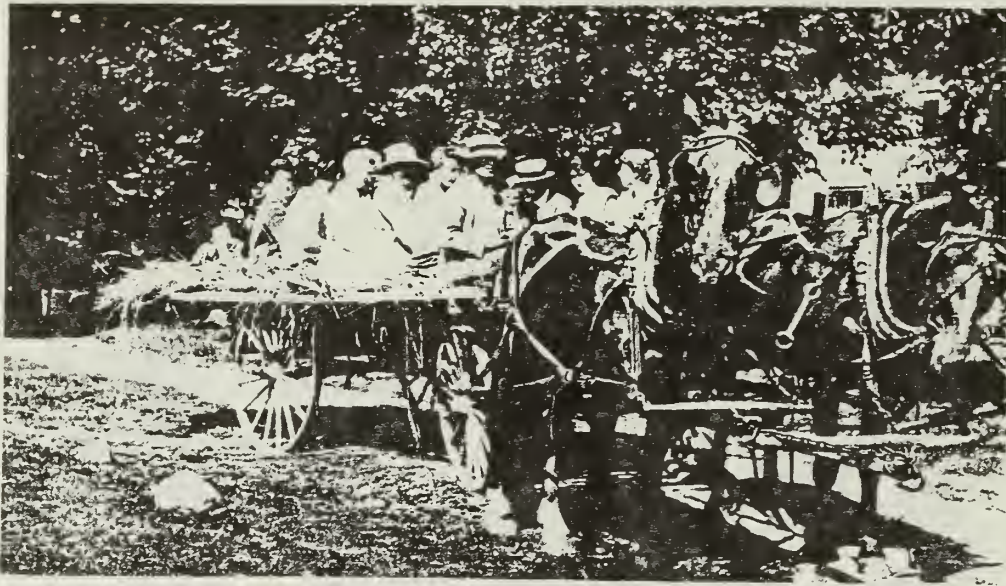


Scraps of broken china, white with a blue tracery of leaves and flowers evoke tables set with batchelor buttons and daisies centered on white linen. The height of the season and the Mountain House is nearly full. Guests who've just arrived have had time to bathe and change out of their soot-blighted travel outfits. The seasoned visitors have gathered early in the sitting rooms and on the lawn to look them over and conjecture about new companions for boating and croquet. As the dinner bell gongs, the host seats his newcomers and the others move toward their established seats with self-conscious assurance.

By tomorrow evening, seating will have rearranged itself as new friendships begin to unfold in this relaxed setting.

With a full house, a few local girls are enlisted to help with the serving, and out of the kitchen they come bearing bowls and platters heaped with chicken fricassee rich with Jersey cream, hot biscuits and string beans picked only that afternoon in the garden behind the house.

An hour of daylight left and a gentle breeze keeps the mosquitoes at bay. Some folks get a game of croquet going. Others meander downhill to Moose Meadow Pond, though



Hayride for guests
at Moore's Mountain House



Ochterlony Moore's barn
across the road facing east



Moore's Mountain House

they soon find that the breeze on top of the hill doesn't quite make it into the hollow, and the hungry pests drive them back up to stand around cheering their favorite players as mallets smack against wooden balls.

A speckled blue enamel cooking pot, rusted out and missing its handle, might have cooked those beans that were such a treat or earlier in the season, peas or later, corn. Or did it go to pick berries?

It is an August morning and the blackberries are ripe just over the hill on the way to Moose Meadow Pond. The night has been cool, but the day will be hot before long; so it's off to pick berries before the sun gets the upper hand. Birds are still singing their morning songs and a mist still rises from the pond; it is pristine and lovely.

Some children among the guests have wanted to join this expedition and, roused earlier than usual, are full of excited energy. As they bound ahead down the road, they would miss the path off to the left, but a holler and a hand signal open their eyes to the way opening through the brush halfway down the hill.

The berries are shiny black, plump, just right for picking and very tempting to eat. But even allowing some for immediate consumption, the blue pot fills fast when the berries are as big as the end of your thumb. The sun is getting hot and various members of the wasp family buzz around for their share of the glorious nectar. Four quarts should make four pies! The pot is full and this evening's guests will enjoy the special pleasure of fresh blackberry pie.

A fragment of a brown glazed bowl conjures up muffins or a cake, but also the trip to the hen house for eggs...

A young woman with the brown bowl under her arm strides across the dirt roadway like the Pied Piper with two little girls, a young mother and her little boy trailing after her. Even in this time, the origin of milk and eggs can be a mystery to city-bred youngsters, and these folks are off to unravel the mystery.

Through the barnyard they go, past the huge yawning door of the barn and down beyond to the chicken yard.

There is a raucous squawking as they open the door to the hen house. Some of the hens scatter, through with the business of the day; others don't budge. "Look out for that big one there she's a nasty one!" Holding their breath against the hot stuffy odor of chicken coop, the children carefully place the eggs in the brown bowl, gingerly reaching under the more docile hens for the treasure. Surprisingly they examine the underside of any hen who presents them with such a view, but the mystery remains where in all those feathers does an egg come from?

September, a chilly evening, and the few remaining guests gather in the sitting room around the warmth of a wood stove. A scrap of an iron stove, highly ornamented with a crown motif, brings this image to the mind's eye.

It's the older folks here now. They've spend a delightful day. Some rowed up Moose Meadow Pond to a picnic spot on the stream above; others hiked along the path, past the blackberry patch, by the spring which bubbles out of the hillside above the pond, until they met their companions by the brook. The red maples which border the eastern side of the pond are brilliant and the smell of the autumn is in the air. A huge picnic lunch made everyone sleepy and since the pesky bugs are mostly gone now, some stretched out blankets to nap under the trees. Others made their way back to the inn to seek the privacy of their own rooms, or the pleasure of the chairs and hammocks in the yard. The late crickets cheeped and a relaxing day wore on.

Now, in the evening, they while away a few pleasant hours before bedtime a game of cards, perhaps a good book with determination by lamplight, a little music as someone plays the harmonium. The fire burns low and another season nears its end at Moore's Mountain House, where "every country enjoyment is realized."

The Diary of William H. Shaw

1861 - 1865

PART II

William Shaw was born in Cummington, Massachusetts on May 14, 1833. When he enlisted in the Union army in 1861, he was a resident of Meriden, Connecticut. After a furlough home in March 1863, he returned to his unit and in late April the regiment broke camp.

May 1, 1863 marched all last night with the pontoons, tired and hungry when we got back at ten o'clock this morning. 2nd lost on my diary today, have been marching back and forth to blind the rebels. In the evening I received a nice watch from my company as my present just before we crossed the river. 3rd, at daylight we marched into Frederickburg. Had been there but a short time when the rebel batteries on the heights opened their canister on us. A brick ash-house near us received a charge, scattering the brick all over us. One of the men, John Bissell, received a slight wound in the face. We then moved to the railroad cut and remained until the charge was made by the 36th N.Y. and the 7th Mass. Regiments about ten o'clock, when we drove the rebels some five or six miles and met the whole of Lee's army. We fought until after dark, neither losing or gaining any ground, but many were killed. After dark, Co. D was sent on the skirmish line and remained until the morning of the 4th, when we returned to the regiment which was in the front line of battle. At ten o'clock AM, the enemy came upon us in three lines of battle. We could not stop them until within ten or fifteen rods, then by stubborn fighting with the aid of plenty of artillery whose guns were double shotted with grape and canister, we held them and sent them back. The artillery at so close a range made fearful havoc in the ranks of the enemy. We remained until five o'clock PM with only an occasional shot, then Co. D was again sent on the skirmish line. We were hardly in position when the rebels advanced on us.

We fired few rounds at them and were ordered to retreat, which we did after dark to the river where our pontoon bridge was laid, we awaiting our turn to cross.

There was the whole 6th army corps to cross one bridge, and while waiting the enemy found our position and gave us a severe shelling. We had nothing to do but stand and take it. Officers as well as men were blue that night and all thought we should be captured before we could get across the river. But morning found us all across at Banks's Ford, where we went into camp. Some of the boys threw away everything but their guns and equipment. General Sedgewick displayed as great generalship in getting his corps back across the river that night without being captured as was ever displayed by any general on any battlefield during the whole Civil War.

General Lee, after defeating General Hooker at Chancellerville in the forenoon, came down on General Sedgewick with his whole army in the afternoon, but we held them in check until after dark, when Sedgewick had a distance of only one thousand yards between the rebel lines to get his corps through and over the large river. This was the second battle of Fredericksburg, fought by the 6th Corps under General Sedgewick.

The 5th, we are resting in a piece of woods 4 miles above Falmouth, for we were all very tired. Thunder showers at night, the boys get very wet as many of them had thrown away their blankets and tents and shelter tents. 6th

and 7th, cold and rainy. We are in the woods, cold, wet and hungry. 8th, we marched back to the old quarters of 37th, about two miles, glad to be back and lie down as soon as we had pitched our tents. 10th, our regiment went out on picket down to the river, remained all day, then moved back about five miles. We reached them about ten o'clock PM, and lay down to rest, tired through. 11th, all is quiet along the line, one-half our regiment acting as a reserve. 12th, we took the picket posts and left the other one-half of the regiment as a reserve. 13th, came back to camp at night and glad to get something to eat as our rations ran out yesterday. 14th, two heavy thunder showers. Drew clothing. 15th, company and battalion drill. 17th, wrote home and to Julia. Brother Charles called on me. He was in Company D of the 10th Massachusetts Regiment, in the same brigade with myself. 18th, was reviewed by General Sedgewick and had inspections. Wrote to Rev. Mr. Dana. 24th, hot, had our usual Sunday inspection. 25th, drilling. Our company on guard. Received a letter from Julia. I wrote to her. 26th, wrote to Julia's brother Wallace, who was a member of company D, 8th Connecticut Regiment. 30th, grading our Co. street, went over to see Charlie. He came back with me.

June 1st, cooler but very dusty. Received letters from home, Julia, and brother Elijah and sister Minerva. 2nd, a fine day, brigade drill, wrote to brother Horatio and cousin Almon Mitchell. 3rd, brigade drill, wrote a long letter to Elijah and Minerva. 4th, routed out this morning at one o'clock, packed up ready to start, as a report came that the rebels were crossing the river below us, but it was a false report. At daylight we unpacked and had our regular drill. 5th, company on guard. Wrote to my friend Webster Nash and home. Have had marching orders, troops moving, all is excitement. Have packed up ready to start. Some cannonading and musketry. 6th, Shaler's Brigade crossed the river. We remained on this side. All is quiet. 7th, the troops have not changed position since last night. 8th, pleasant. Pickets firing. We have about three miles of good breast works ex-

tending from the Rappahannock on the north, in a circle to the river on the south below the Bronard House. We re-crossed the river and lay in camp until night when we went on picket duty on the east side of the river below the Bronard House. As I was sergeant, I had a large number of picket posts to look after, and it was just impossible to keep the boys awake, as we had but very little sleep for a week. When the officer of the day came along at one o'clock at night, coming to me first, he said: "Sergeant, go along ahead of me and tell the boys the officer of the day is coming along, and have them all awake, for I do not want to find them sleeping. I know no one can go through what we have the past week and keep awake on a picket post at night." (The penalty for being found asleep at your post was death.) The only way I could keep awake was to walk along the line, back and forth as far as my posts extended, and pound myself or inflict some pain on myself, and that was very hard work. 9th, a beautiful day. Wrote to Julia. 6 PM the rebels threw a few shells amongst us, creating a little scare, but hurting no one. Some of the boys were cooking coffee over a fire when a shell struck the fire scattering both fire and coffee. Another shell struck an officer of a Pennsylvania regiment and killed him. 10th, the rebels had this morning's Richmond paper and some of our boys went over and exchanged papers with them. At night we were relieved from picket by the 2nd Vermont Regiment, and went across the river to support the skirmish line in the rifle pits.

11th, across the Rappahannock a sharpshooter seemed to be doing most of the deadly work and none of us could just place him. The officers had their field glasses out trying to locate him. At last one of Beredan's (Sheridan's) sharpshooters came along, who was called "California Joe," one of the best in our service. He had a telescope rifle. One Colonel spoke to him about it and asked if he could find where the man was concealed. Joe was looking through the telescope on his rifle when another shot came. Joe instantly saw the puff of smoke. He drew up and fired, and that ended the sharpshooting from that quarter.



There was a very large black cherry tree standing just within the rebel lines. The heart of it was all decayed so that the rebel dug it out leaving nothing but the shell, making him a fine place for his hellish work. He had cut a hole in this to fire through, so he thought he was perfectly safe. Joe fired through the hole, probably hitting the man. The next day we marched by the tree and found it, just as Joe had described. The rebel sharpshooter had been picking off our men for three days.

12th, fine day. On picket. Exchanged papers with the rebels. At six PM rebels throwing a few shells and shouting to us, but doing no harm. Letters from Rev. J.J. Dana and sister Louise. June 13th, warm. All quiet. This morning a squad of us went bathing in the river. 5 PM, the rebels are throwing a few shells. One struck very near us, but hurt no one. At 11 PM we re-crossed the river. 14th, on the march at 6 PM, officers and men completely exhausted. They kept dropping out all along the way, seeking the shade of every bush and tree. Thirty-six men in our division were sunstruck. We halted until 1 o'clock at night when most of the stragglers had caught up with the division, then all pushed forward again. 16th, marched to Wolf Run Shoals, reaching there at half-past eleven. The whole 6th Army Corps went in the river bathing - more than ten thousand soldiers in the water at once. At 3 o'clock PM, we marched to near Fairfax Station, where we halted for the night. Today many men dropped dead by the wayside. We have had no sleep for a week. 17th, had a good sleep last night, remained at the station all day. The 36th New York Regiment drank a great deal of whiskey and the provost marshall undertook to arrest some of them. They gave him a few blows and he cut one man's head open with his sword. He called out the 27th Massachusetts Regiment and arrested the whole 36th New York Regiment and took them to headquarters, but nothing was done about it. 18th, hot, hot. Marched to Fairfax Court House. Many men

fell out on account of the heat. We pitched our tents on the battlefield of Chantilli, near where the brave Kearney fell. Heavy showers at night. 19th, cloudy and cooler. Cleaned my gun, had inspection, wrote to Julia and brother Herbert. Received letters from wife Julia and Webster Nash.

20th, rainy. All quiet. Wrote to sister Louise. 21st, pleasant. Heavy cannonading in the direction of Snicker's Gap where the cavalry had a hard battle. 2nd, a beautiful day. Rebel prisoners coming in that we took in yesterday's fight. 23rd, all quit. A few more prisoners brought in, a worthless fellow from the 16th Massachusetts drummed out of camp. Wrote to Elijah and Min. 24th, pleasant. Company drill at 9 AM, battalion drilled at 5 PM, wrote to Julia, marched to Centreville, Va., a distance of six miles, halted for the night on the same ground that we camped on the night before the first battle of Bull Run. 25th, a little rainy. Moved a little to the front, halted in the center of town. 6 PM, very wet. 26th, wet. Marched 22 miles to Drainsville, a very pretty village. It was a hard march. Halted at Burnsville, at 9 AM for lunch, when we heard a strange sound, a church bell. Halted for the night at Urbana. 29th, another tedious day's work. March to Clam Run, a distance of 30 miles, arriving there at midnight, pretty well played out. 30th, rainy. On the march again at 5 o'clock. Passed Taylorsville, Spring Mills, Westminster and halted near Manchester, a march of 20 miles, boys lame and tired.

July 1, morning raining, rested all day, but at 9 o'clock at night had all turned in when the bugle sounded FALL IN. We got up, packed up in the rain, and started for Gettysburg. After marching six or eight miles we met troops going in the opposite direction. We said, "Boys, what corps?" They said, "The 6th. We are on the wrong road, turn about." So we did.

To be continued

A Trip to Chester

Eila B. Perez

It's six miles down the mountain from Middlefield to Chester, a beautiful drive with a closeup view of Mount Gobble. Nowadays our cars carry us up and down the mountain without effort, except in icy weather.

There were other times when that trip took a little longer. It was over seventy years ago. We were eating our big country breakfast in the old house on Blossom Farm in Middlefield. As Mother poured coffee she looked at Dad and said, "You know, Ralph, it's such a beautiful day, I think I'll hitch up Lady this afternoon and go down to Chester. I have to get some buttons for your white shirt."

He had other ideas. "I wish you would take the team. They need shoeing. Jim's coming to help me set up the corncutter and we're going to start on the corn tomorrow."

Mother saw her quiet trip with the gentle Lady-horse slipping away. She knew that Tom and Jerry couldn't work safely with worn out shoes. She pressed for an advantage. "I suppose I could take them, but it's hard to manage the team and hold the baby, too. I'll take Rosina and you can watch the baby while I'm gone."

"Alright," Dad said, "I can work on the town books until he wakes up and then I'll take him down to the barn with me."

So right after dinner, (at noon) Dad brought the team hitched to the big farm wagon, around to the front of the house. He tossed me up on the high seat. Mother climbed aboard, took firm hold of the reins and gave last minute instructions about the care of the baby. We drove down Arthur Pease Road and paused to say hello to Uncle Arthur. He was picking up apples. He promised us a piece of Aunt Lou's pie if we stopped on the way home. My mouth watered, but Mother said, "I'm afraid not today. We've got so much to do, we'll be lucky if we get back before dark."

Then we started down the Chester road. It was well-graded, but unpaved, steep and narrow. At the top of the steepest pitch, just before the Chester line, we passed Bob Smart's little brown house, in a meadow by the brook. He was working in his garden. He waved to us. His little dog barked.

After that, we went very slowly, Mother holding the wagon back with her foot pressed firmly on the wooden brake. The horses snorted and their muscles bulged as they felt the weight of the wagon.

At the foot of the mountain, the road made an abrupt turn to the left and leveled out beside the railroad tracks, just as it does today. In the distance, we heard the train coming down the hill from Becket. As the engine got closer, Tom and Jerry began to prance. "I was afraid this would happen," Mother exclaimed. "Hold on tight!" She yanked at the reins as hard as she could. The engine passed us, puffing steam and belching smoke and cinders. For a second, the startled horses laid back on their haunches, then took off at a gallop all the way to the bridge.

They had quieted down by the time we reached the blacksmith shop. Mr. Broga was a big dark-haired man. His muscles bulged and rippled as he fitted a red-hot shoe to a horse, then dipped the hot metal in sizzling water and pounded it on the anvil. We watched for a minute before we left Tom and Jerry in his care and walked down to Mr. Pease's dry goods store. Mother bought buttons and thread. Our next stop was the grocery store, where she left her order. We paused for a minute to look over the bridge at the river below. On this day, it was a quiet stream, meandering around rocks and barely reaching the banks. We stopped in front of the barber shop, to watch the red lines on his pole go round and round to the top and then



miraculously start over at the bottom.

It was a busy day in town. Wherever we went we were greeted by friends. Everyone seemed to know my beautiful auburn-haired mother. They had gossip to share and complaints about the weather in Chester, almost always too hot or too cold!

Back at the blacksmith's, the horses were ready. Mr. Broga hitched them to the wagon, and we drove down a side road to the mill. The tall building and the water wheel towered over us. We stepped into the office in front. We were met by a little old man with a powdering of flour on his eyebrows and clothes. Very courteously, in his gruff German accent, he invited my mother to sit in the office while he filled our order. He took me by the hand and led the way out back where wooden gears stretched high overhead. Great spider webs hung from the beams. They, too, were dusted with flour. As he filled a bag with cracked corn for our hens, he explained how the mill worked. He pointed here and there, but between the unfamiliar accent and the strange surroundings, I didn't understand much of what he said. What I never forgot was this look inside an old water-powered mill with its great grinding wheels.

At the grocery store, a clerk brought out our order neatly packed in boxes. He handed me a box of animal crackers, and we ate them as we started home.

When we reached the narrows before the foot of the mountain, the afternoon train from Springfield came chugging along. Again the horses snorted and took off at a gallop. This time Mother didn't attempt to slow them down. "They'll get tired of this in a minute," she shouted, holding tight to the reins. Sure enough, on that first steep grade, they settled down to the hard job of hauling the wagon up Chester Mountain.

Halfway up, we stopped at the watering trough. The clear spring water, fed through an iron pipe, tasted fresh and cold. Tom and Jerry dipped their noses in and took long gulps.

Soon, we continued up and up to Middlefield. I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I remember, we were home in our kitchen. Mother unrolled a big haddock from its newspaper wrappings, stuffed it, and we had baked fish for supper.

In those days, a trip to Chester was an adventure!

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WANTED: Material on the Railroad

On May 21, 1841, the first passenger train arrived in Chester from Westfield amid much celebration. It was the beginning of a new era for this area. People left their hill farms and moved into the Westfield River valley towns where industry rapidly developed. Boston was now only a few hours away, and the railroad to Albany and the Erie Canal provided easy access to the Midwest.

The Editors of Stone Walls want to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Western Railroad in the Spring 1991 issue. We plan to feature articles, pictures, and stories about the railroad. Although its name has changed over the years from the Western Railroad to the Boston and Albany, then to the New York Central and now it's Conrail, the route through the Berkshires has remained essentially the same. We need material from our readers - pictures of the stations, very few of which still exist, pictures of people and trains, stories, old newspaper articles, etc. - so that the Spring 1991 issue of Stone Walls will be truly special.

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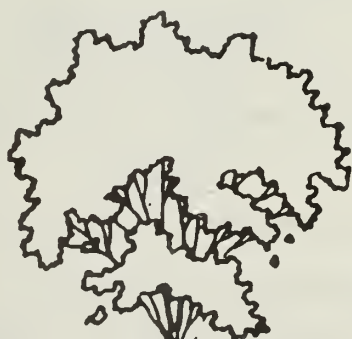
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*"These rocks," Caleb observed, "are like
the mind of the earth. They know
everything that ever happened here."*

— Charles McCarry
"Home to the Enduring Berkshires"
National Geographic,
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